

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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For announcing the names of candidates for office, these Dollars, CASH, JOE WOOD, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Blanks, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

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THE POST.

Athens, Friday, Feb'y 13, 1852.

FRANCE.—The constitution has been promulgated. By it the President is omnipotent. In his name is justice dispensed. In him is vested the pardoning power, and the authority to originate laws. He is to command the forces, may declare war, make treaties, and appoint senators and officials, who will have to swear obedience to the constitution, and acknowledge the power of the President to designate his successor.

Louis Napoleon is about to marry a Princess of Sweden.

The National Guards delivered up their arms, without any disturbances having occurred.

AUSTRIA.—The American Charge and Turkish Ambassador were not invited to a Grand Ball recently given in Vienna, which circumstance, it being the first slight offered to these Ministers, is looked upon as an indication that the Austrian Government wish to show that they frown upon the course pursued by Turkey and America in relation to Kosuth.

The State House in Columbus, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. The fire broke out in the Senate Chamber about half past 3 o'clock, and before the flames could be reached the heat had become so intense as to drive the firemen and others to such a distance as to render all efforts to save the building unavailing. The desk of the Clerk of the House was saved, together with most of the valuable papers of the body, but every thing else was destroyed.

Extensive counterfeiting operations have been discovered at Mount Carmel, Ohio, which have been carried on by a man named Robert Neal, a man of property, and by profession a lithographer and steel plate printer. It is estimated that during the last few years he has counterfeited \$400,000 on the State Banks of Ohio and Indiana, and the Northern Bank of Kentucky. In fact, it is believed he has issued nearly all the counterfeit money on these banks that has flooded the country for several years. He has heretofore been above suspicion, but was finally detected through a man in his employ. He was traced as far as New York, where it is supposed he took passage for Europe.

SENATE.—Resolutions have been adopted by the Louisiana House of Representatives for furnishing each member with ten daily newspapers during the session.

BEGINNING TO COMPLAIN.—Serious complaints are being uttered from various quarters against the present Legislature of Tennessee. The Legislature is accused of having done no good—of having done harm—and of having done nothing.—*Murfreesboro' News.*

Then "the present Legislature" is very grossly misrepresented. It is essentially a working Legislature. With an efficient corps of officers in both Houses, and a majority of the members more disposed to act than to speak, they are now incessantly engaged, day and night, in dispatching the mass of important business before them, which has passed through the process of investigation and preparation by committees; and we predict that, at the close of the session, the journals will show a large amount of business transacted, honorable to the character of the State, and which will be approved by the people. There has been less talking done, thus far, than we have ever known at any former session, and quite as much labor.—*Nash. Paper.*

DEATH OF JAMES G. BRIDGES.—The Chicago Tribune announces the death of Jas. G. Bridges, Esq., the great Abolitionist.

Over nine hundred buildings have been erected in Memphis, Tennessee, since the 1st of January 1851.

Charles Dickens, in the last number of Household Words, says that the watchwords of France are now "Liberty, equality, fraternity, and musketry!"

As apples and eels are skinned before they are eaten, so are hypocrites used up as soon as their masks are pulled off.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1852.

The accounts from France show that Louis Napoleon, though he has not yet assumed the title of Emperor, nor established a Constitution, is not disturbed in his sway by parties at home, or coalitions abroad.—Government credit is unshaken, and his policy continues to be peaceful; but still, on the part of the English press, he is viewed with distrust. England appears to be preparing for the worst, by attention to her defenses. It is said that our Minister to France, Mr. Rives, will return home in the Spring. It is hoped that some one, as able and discreet as he is, will succeed him.

The renewed rumors of dissensions in the administration are unfounded. The President and the Secretary of State continue to maintain the most cordial relations. It is inferred from some remarks of Mr. Fillmore that unless it should be probable that the Whig National Convention will nominate him, he will withdraw his name before the Convention meets, inasmuch as their failure to select him would impair the influence of his administration.

Senator Clemens' letter in regard to the policy of the Union party of the South, is the subject of much comment. The Senator gives the opinion that Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, by uniting on a common basis, can control the nomination and election of President, and secure all the just rights of the South. If the Baltimore Convention should nominate Gen. Cass, or some democrat who is "untarnished by free soilism or secession," he and the Union party will, he says, support him; and, if not, not. The Union holds that this letter is calculated to revive the past dissensions in the democratic ranks in the South, and calls upon Democrats to do their duty to their party and the country, with reference to past disputes.

Kosuth is making no headway. He will not be able to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars in this country. Had his predictions of popular commotions and uprisings of oppressed nations in Europe only been verified, he might have been more successful. His doctrine of intervention is already exploded. But the new project of interference in behalf of Irish exiles is quite as objectionable, and is dangerous to the extent of the disposition of politicians to use it for the purpose of conciliating the Irish vote in this country. The remarks of Judge Butler, on this subject, are very just. The discussion is to be soon renewed in the Senate.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The Tennessee Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in this place is now in successful operation, under Mr. Morris, who has been many years, connected with the Institution in New York, as principal, assisted by Mr. Bronson, a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

The Trustees have appointed a matron for the females, and a curator who has charge of the boarding, &c. We hope the benevolent will exert their influence with parents, guardians, &c. of the deaf and dumb, between twelve and twenty-five years of age, to induce them to avail themselves of the provisions of the law by which their children may be instructed and send them to the school.

The regular term commences on the first of October and continues until the fifteenth of July; but pupils will be received at the present session until the first of May next.—*Register.*

Knoxville, Jan. 22, 1852.

'CAN YOU REACH THEM PERTINENTLY?'—Many of our readers have no doubt read the following rich anecdote. It is old, but like good wine, it will bear repetition.—Those who have never had a 'read of it,' will thank us for reviving it from the oblivion into which it was fast falling. Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite—

'Can you reach them pertinently, sir?' Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the 'pertinents,' and answered—

'Yes, sir.'

The legislator was taken aback with this unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself, he asked—

'Will you stick my fork into one of 'em, then?'

Mr. M. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potato, and left it there! The company roared, as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and raising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph:

'Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork.'

THE WOMEN IN CONVENTION.

The New York Sunday Times makes the following allusions to some of the feminine Notabilities who recently assembled in Convention at Worcester:

Mrs. Price read a report describing man as a "dough-faced cringing creature," and contending that nature designed women's legs (she actually said *legs*) for pantaloons. In conclusion, the report stated that, as revolutions for human rights were generally accomplished by oceans of blood, there was no telling what it might be necessary to do to dare and suffer before women obtained equality with man. Mrs. P. is a triumph. We say to her, as Macbeth said to Mrs. Macbeth:

'Bring forth men children only; For the unsexed melle should compose Nothing but males.'

Miss Lucy Stone—a precious stone, no doubt—felt aggrieved that woman made her waist so slender "to minister to the depraved morbid taste of man." "The very body." She also averred that "there was not room for a large and generous heart in a pair of tight-laced corsets." These woman's-rights women are fond of going into details. Miss Stone concluded by moving a resolution that all employments be open to women, and that all openings ought to be seized.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton, of Seneca Falls, daughter of Judge Cady, exhorted her sisters by letter to persevere in the good cause. She argued in her communication that women should act as "captains of steamboats and other vessels, conductors of railroads, where they could obtain plenty of air and exercise, and members of Congress."

Dr. Hunt, of Boston, (described her as a robust woman, "fat, fair and forty,") complained bitterly that she had been unable to obtain admittance at Harvard College as medical student. She sought to "develop her nature," she said, and her nature tended to the study of physiology. We think that Dr. Hunt was an ill-used woman. She said, and we do not question it, that lady doctors "had an ease, a confidence, and a prudence that would go far to cure the patient without medicine." No doubt of it.

Mrs. Melitabel Haskell, an old lady, said she "had groaned for fifty years under the oppression of men." Having made this afflictive statement, she lifted up her voice and wept; but, soon drying her tears by the fire of her indignation, she abjured the women present to do battle for their rights. We hope the he-fellows will let Melitabel alone for the future; fifty years are enough to "groan under the oppression of men." Let the old lady have an unlimited fur-loof.

Of all the women who figured in the Convention, we like Mrs. Nichols, the wife of a Vermont editor, the best. She is in false position. Her heart is evidently running over with warm womanly feeling.—She said that "the object of woman was to be loved." We like her for the real tenderness with which she spoke of her husband and children. She compelled all her sisters to betray the softness of their nature in spite of themselves, by making them all cry.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—It is just made public that the last person to communicate with Sir John Franklin, was Captain Martin of the British whaler *Enterprise*. It was in 1845. The *Enterprise* was alongside the *Erebus* in Melville Bay, and Sir John invited Captain Martin to dine with him, which the latter declined doing as the wind was fair to go South. Sir John, while conversing with Captain Martin, told him that he had five years' provisions, which he could make last seven, and his people were busily engaged in salting down birds, of which they had several casks full already, and twelve men were out shooting more. This renders it highly probable that Sir John and his companions are still alive, cruising in that mysterious open sea, which covers the Pole. What a narrative will theirs be, should they ever return?

LETTERS OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—A Stoughton correspondent of the North Bridgewater Gazette, says there has been an experiment tried on the Boston and Providence Railroad track, for the purpose of ascertaining if letters can be sent to a distance by means of atmospheric pressure. To test the practicability of the theory, there was laid for about one mile a pipe, through which the paper or papers were to pass. I am told that those who have experimented, are of opinion that a communication can be taken in this manner from Boston to New York in four minutes, and they are sure of success.

A Yankee editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say, that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

AMBITION VS. FAT.

Lymphatic temperaments have generally rendered men averse to active labor, to consecutive thought, and to ambitious projects. The fact has been known for time immemorial; every man is sufficiently skilled in physiognomy to select the active and daring, from the easy and good-humored; but why this is so, none but the learned seem to understand. The well known observation which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cæsar will doubtless occur to every reader:

'Let me have men about me that are fat; Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep of nights; Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.'

Some writer, (we know not who, as we find the paragraph floating without credit,) who appears to have been a shrewd observer of his fellow men, both physically and intellectually, has the following remarks on this subject:

'It would appear that it is requisite for the body to be active and elastic as the mind; and if it is not, it weighs the latter down to its own gravity. Who ever heard of a fat man being ambitious? Cæsar was a spare man; Bonaparte was thin as long as he climbed the ladder; Nelson was a shadow; the Duke of Wellington had not sufficient fat in his whole composition to grease his own boots. In short, I think my hypothesis to be fairly borne out, that fat and ambition are incompatible. Ambition seems to depend upon the irritation of bile acting upon delicate mucous tissues. Now, this is utterly impossible in a fat man, for the blood is so much taken up in forming adipose matter, that it cannot afford to do much for the bilious secretion. Give a man a hundred weight of good suet as a kind of cushion for his bones, and he will jog along this life's turnpike without troubling others or himself much.'

The driver on the mail line from Elkton to Hopkinstown came very near freezing to death on Sunday night last. He became unconscious some five or six miles this side of Hopkinstown; but his team kept on and reached the hotel about 10 o'clock. He was on his seat, stiff and speechless, with reins and whip in hand. He was taken down and active means were employed to relieve him which in a few hours proved successful.—*Bowling Green Standard.*

In an affray at Brooklyn, opposite St. Louis, on Thursday evening last, between a gambler named Davidson, and a grocery keeper named Rowe, the latter was severely cut with a knife, who calling to his wife for assistance, she shot Davidson. He fell to the floor, when Rowe literally beat out his brains with the butt of a musket.—Rowe gave himself up. The St. Louis Intelligencer says:—

'Davidson, the man killed by Rowe and his wife, in Brooklyn, we learn, was extremely solicitous to make a confession previous to his death. He even went so far as to state that his real name was not Davidson. Here death interposed, and a tale untold, and perhaps involving some unexplained mystery, some terrible crime, was forever shut out from the knowledge of the world. He lived but about fifteen minutes after receiving the blow on his head.'

AN ECCENTRIC SUICIDE.—The following paragraph appears in the French papers:—On a well-dressed body, discovered hanging from a tree on the road from Versailles to Sceaux, the following letter was found:

'Those who shall discover my body swaying itself at the impulse of the winds, as did those formerly suspended to the gibbet at Montfaucon, will, no doubt, feel either terror-struck or moved with pity. Behold, they will exclaim, another victim of wretchedness or grief! They will be mistaken. I have always been perfectly happy. I feel that with old age will come infirmities, and it is to avoid the slightest pain, the most petty annoyance, that I have determined to put an end to my life. This may appear absurd, but I am of opinion that when one has lived comfortably for more than 60 years he ought to have had enough of life. I was not an inhabitant of Paris! therefore think it will be impossible to know who I am. Besides, I have taken every precaution for insuring this; and, if the last wish of a dying man commands any respect, I entreat that no inquiries may be made on the subject. I left my home after selling everything, and giving out that I was starting for a foreign country. My property is all realized, and the bank notes which it has produced will have yesterday reached the hands of an honest father of a family, whom it will render happy. I have so managed that he should be ignorant of their source. Having no further business in this world, I am going. Good bye! (Signed)—An Original.'

Punch has a caricature representing Louis Napoleon with a dead goose, labelled 'La République,' which he has eviscerated to find a golden egg.

C. W. Denison has started a paper in Boston, called 'Our Country,' which goes for Webster for President, and Cobb for Vice President.

DARK HOURS.—There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year.—For not a whole month of any of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliant all the time. And there have been cold, stormy days, in every year, when could be seen or heard nothing that cheered the spirit or gratified our desires for the beautiful. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours have dissipated and flitted away. The cruellest of icy fetters have been broken and dissolved and the most furious storm loses its power to harm.

And what a parable is all this of human life—of our inside world—where the heart works at its destined labors. Here, too, we have the overshadowings of dark hours; and many a cold blast chills the heart to its very core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storm that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration. Then it kindles the dark cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Never give up while one good power is yours—use it. Disappointment and mortifying failure may attend this effort, and that one—but only be honest and struggle on, and it will all work well.

HAPPY MARY.—The influence of a dear young friend, whose home conduct was a beautiful illustration of the faith that worketh by love, is thus described by an eyewitness. 'She moved about the house like a sunbeam. I heard her singing as she passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and said, with a fond smile, 'It is Mary. She is always the same, always happy. I do not know what I would do without her.' 'I do not know what any of us would do without Mary, repeated her eldest daughter, and the rest echoed her words.

'Her youngest brother is of a violent temper, and is always quarrelling with somebody; but he never quarrels with Mary, because she will not quarrel with him, but strives to turn aside his anger by gentle words. Even her very presence has an influence over him.'

SONG.
I dig, I hoe,
I plough, I mow,
I get up wood for winter,
I reap, I sow,
And later grows,
And for all I know,
I'm indebted to the printer.

To prove that advertisements are read, the Portland Traveller says: A gentleman doing business in State street, dropped a thousand dollar bill. He immediately stepped into our counting-room and directed an advertisement to be inserted of his loss, with the request that the finder of the bill would bring it to the Traveller Office.

This morning, a poor boy, who keeps in the market, brought in the bill, having picked it up in the street, and received fifty dollars for his honesty.

A servant girl being much fatigued with her work, declared 'that men ought to do women's business,' and wished 'that she was a mistress instead of what she was, for she was tired of being a maid.'

It will not do to hoe a great field for little crops, nor to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land; it will pay you for it. Better farm twenty acres well, than fifty acres by halves.

THE MAN AND THE VINE.—In one of the many years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it and drew near.

'What plantest thou, son of the earth?' said the prince of demons.

'A vine! replied the man.

'What are the properties of this tree?' 'Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy.'

THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night of the battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from General Greene to Count Pulaski, a noble Polisher, who took a prominent part in our freedom. He was quartered in a neat farm-house, near the upper ford. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time he called out—

'Mary, my lass, Mary!'

In an instant, a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

'Did you call me, Count?' said she, very timidly.

'How often have I told you, little love,' he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheeks, 'not to call me Count; call me your dear Pulaski. This is a Republic, my little favorite. We have no Counts, you know.'

'But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you came a long way over the ocean to fight for us.'

'Yes, yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way, but one reason why was, I had to come, in a measure. Now can you get for this gentleman and myself some refreshments? He has a long way to ride to-night.'

'Certainly, sir,' and she went out of the room like a fairy.

'A fine, pleasant girl,' said Pulaski.—'Would that I had the wealth I once had, I would give her a portion that would send half the youths hereabout after her sweet face.'

On the morning of the 14th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing Brandywine Creek, and bring on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force advancing up the side of the creek, and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper forks of the river and creek.

It so happened, that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Situated as the house was, in the midst of the battle, curiosity induced me to ride up. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth.—The house was on fire. Near the doorstep lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out of the terrible wound! I had not been there more than half a minute, when Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form—

'Who did this?'

A little boy, that I had not before noticed, who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said—

'They they go!'

He pointed to a company of Hessians, or Auspach grenadiers, then some distance off.

'Right, wheel, men—charge!'

And they did charge. I do not think one man of that Hessian corps ever left the field, except to be placed in the grave.

The last I saw of Pulaski on the battleground of Brandywine, he was bearing in his arms the lifeless form of poor Mary.

Let a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

'Surrender!' was the summons of General Ross to Hamed Bey, 'surrender! Resistance is in vain; the host which I bring against you are numberless as the sands of the sea shore!' 'But my hosts,' was the reply, 'are like the waves of the sea, which wash away the sand!'

It is a curiosity to find a man who places too low an estimate on his own abilities.

There flow to the human lungs, every minute, nearly eighteen pints of air, and nearly eight pints of blood; and in twenty-four hours upwards of fifty-seven hogsheads of air are inhaled to oxygenate twenty-four hogsheads of blood.

Some girls, in kissing, purse up their mouths as if they were about to perform on the flageolet. This is wrong. Kissing is a luxury that should be indulged in with an appetite, and not nibbled at as if it were "a pizen."

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bed-room, one of whom has the tooth-ache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the tooth-ache will go to sleep first.